

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1083.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

[Price 2d.]



BUNYAN'S PULPIT,

PALACE YARD CHAPEL, LAMBETH.

FEELING assured no memento could be more gratifying to the devout Christian, than a representation of the pulpit from which that most extraordinary minister, JOHN BUNYAN, expounded, from his Bible,* the pure tenets of Gospel truth, we procured, through the kindness of a friend, leave to take a drawing from the treasured relic, in the Methodist Chapel, Palace Yard, Lambeth, where Mr. John Mountford, one of the eldest and most zealous followers of the late venerated Rev.

Rowland Hill, officiates to the advantage of its numerous auditory.

It appears that the pulpit, of which our accompanying engraving is a correct representation, came from the Meeting-House in Zoar Street, where Bunyan was allowed to deliver his discourses, by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, to whom it belonged.† Here Bunyan preached whenever he visited London; and if only one day's notice were given, the place would not

* When Bunyan's pulpit Bible was to be sold among the library of the Rev. Samuel Palmer of Hickney, Mr. Whitbread, the member, gave a commission to bid as much for it as the bidder thought his father, had he been living, would have given for a relic which he would have valued so highly. It was bought, accordingly, for twenty guineas.

Vol. XXXV.

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† Used as a wheelwright's shop, preparatory to its being pulled down.

‡ Dr. Barlow was born in 1697, died 1801. It was by the compassionate interposition of this divine, that Bunyan was discharged after an imprisonment of twelve years and a half, for holding unlawful assemblies.

contain half of the people who assembled. Three thousand have been sometimes gathered together in that remote part of the town; and even on a dark winter's morning, at seven o'clock, not less than twelve hundred.* He used to preach also in the surrounding counties.

A tradition has been preserved by the Baptist congregation at Reading, Berkshire, that he sometimes went through that town, dressed like a carter, with a long whip in his hand, to avoid detection. The house in which the Baptists met for worship, stood in a lane; and from a back door, they had a bridge over a branch of the River Kennett, wherby, in case of alarm, they might escape.†

The Baptist congregation at Hitchin is supposed to have been founded by him. Their meetings were held, at first, about three miles from that town, in a wood, near the village of Preston, Bunyan standing in a pit or hollow, and the people round about on the sloping sides. "A chimney-corner, at a house in the same wood, is still looked upon with veneration, as having been the place of his refreshment." About five miles from Hitchin, was a famous Puritan preaching-place, called Bondiah. It had been a malt-house, was very low, and thatched, and ran in two directions, a large square pulpit standing in the angles; and adjoining the pulpit, was a high pew, in which ministers sat out of sight of informers, and from which, in case of alarm, they could escape into an adjacent lane. The building being much decayed, this meeting was removed, in 1787, to a place called Coleman Green; and the pulpit, which was then held to be the only remaining one in which Bunyan had preached, was, with a commendable feeling, carefully removed thither. Another pulpit is shewn in London, in the Jewin Street Meeting.

As every incident relative to so extraordinary a man as Bunyan, must be acceptable, and, as a proof how highly his *Pilgrim's Progress* has ever been valued, even in regions far abroad, we select from the Catalogue of the British Museum, the chief foreign editions of that work:—

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Arab. 8°. Malta. 1830.

Idem Gall. 8°. Rotterdam. 1733.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the Malagassie, or Madagascar language, 16°. Lond. 1838.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Romie, *μεταφρασθενη*, τ. 2. *Βουνορος*. 8°. Melita. 1834.

In Vol. xxxiii, p. 105, of the *Mirror*, the reader will find an Engraving and Description of *Bunyan's Birth-place*; in vol. xv. p. 121, a View and Description of his *Vestry Chair*; and in vol. xiii. p. 296, an Engraving and Account of *Bunyan's Syllabus Cup*.

* J. A. St. John's Memoir of Bunyan: Rickerby's edition.

† Conder's Life of John Bunyan, attached to the "Pilgrim's Progress."

THE MOURNER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

WEEP not!—the spirit pass'd from earth,
Hath entrance in a happier sphere,
While o'er her love, and o'er her worth,
Still falls the unavailing tear.

Say gentle shade,—does memory never
Return to this familiar scene,—
Or does the spirit lose for ever,
All trace of what on earth has been?

Secure in heaven's unvarying light,
Infinite,—boundless—is its view,
No cloud to dim the raptur'd sight,
In regions ever fair and new!

"Without a wing,"—away—away,—
Where fancy vainly tries to soar,
For ne'er may finite thought essay
That clime celestial to explore.

From regions there of bliss eternal,
She bids to earth a long farewell,
In "mansions" there that are eternal,
Do pure and happy spirits dwell.

Beyond all things of time and change,
The soul exults in glad and free,
Turn' worlds on worlds at will to range,
O'er heaven's unknown immensity!

No sin to cloud,—no pain to mar,—
The weary night, and darkened morn,
Outwathing o'en that dewy star,
That shines in the silent dawn.

Perhaps her spirit hovers near,
Sent forth to minister below,
And marks the fond regretful tear,
While lingering round thy footsteps now.

And whisper,—tho' beside my grave,
Affection's tears may fall for me,
My ransomed life a Saviour gave,
Then—Grave, where is thy Victory?"

Kates-Londrey.

ANNA R—

THE DAISY.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL! gentle daisy, how I love
To see thy little head,
Meekly adorning field or grove,
Or garden flower-bed!—
Or by the mansion, or the cot,
Or by the pulsing stream,
I love to see thee, gentle flow'r,
With white and golden gleam.

Whether upon the mountain brow,
Or in the valley deep,
Whether upon the wall you grow,
Or on the craggy steep,
There dost thou blossom all the same,
Free as the morning air,
Oh, how I love to look on thee,
All smiling, meek as fair!

And thou art on the dewy green,
The sweet Spring time to cheer; to add to
Thou bloom'st upon each changing scene,
Throughout the changing year!
Smiling alike on morn and eve,
In simple robes dress'd,
I fondly love thee, gentle flow'r,
With white and golden crest.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.

TIME IN THE CREATION OF WORLDS.

There is a creature named the ephemeron, whose life is confined to the veriest point of time—in one short hour, it dances out its existence in the sunbeam. That creature is in presence of all the phenomena of vegetable growth; it may see trees—it may see flowers, but how could it, or its generations, actually observe their progressive development? In relation to the nebulae, Man is only an ephemeron. Fifty lives succeeding each other, and of a length to which individuals often attain, would reach backwards beyond the recorded commencements of his race; and in the mutability of things, fifty more may constitute a line longer than his allotted epoch. And, no more than one hundred of those creatures, which are born, breathe, and die, could learn of the progress upwards of the majestic pine—will man ever learn of the changes of the nebulae? The ideas I have now presented to you—august and strange though they are—should not appear in contradistinction to what every moment is passing around us. Supposing these phenomena did unfold the long growth of worlds, where is the intrinsic difference between that growth and the progress of the humblest leaf, from its seed to its intricate and most beautiful organisation? The thought that one grand and single law of attraction operating upon diffused matter may have produced all those stars which gild the heavens; and, in fact, the expanding material universe is, as we see it, nothing other than one phase of a mighty progress—is, indeed, surprising; but I appeal to you again in what essential would it be different from the growth of the evanescent plant? There, too, rude matter puts on new forms, in outward shape most beautiful, and in mechanism most admirable: and there cannot be a more astonishing process, or a more mighty power, even in the growth of a world! The thing which bewilders us is not any intrinsic difficulty or disparity, but a consideration springing from our own fleeting condition. We are not rendered incredulous by the nature, but overwhelmed by the magnitude of the works; our minds will not stretch out to embrace the periods of this stupendous change. But time, as we conceive it, has nothing to do with the question—we are speaking of the energies of that almighty mind, with regard to whose infinite capacity, a day is as a thousand years, and the life-time of the entire human race, but as the moment, which dies with the tick of the clock that marks it—which is heard and passes.

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

It is, indeed, attractive to revert to the period when the forty-foot telescope first interrogated these profound heavens! The enthusiastic observer, in the act of discovery, rises before the imagination, amid the peace

of midnight, and the beautiful twinkling of stars; as also that other feature which characterised and further elevated the scene: The astronomer, during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labours by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather—who heroically shared his privations that she might participate in his delights—whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips; “she it was,” says the best of authorities, “who having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night’s work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept everything in systematic order;” she it was, Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady had, in one respect, been more fortunate than her brother, she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. And besides her great assistance to her brother, not only in his observations, but in the construction of his great telescope—she having polished the great speculum, it is said, with her own hands—discovered, herself, several comets. Some years ago, the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted to her, at her native Hanover; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll.

CHANGES OF THE EARTH.

The first specimens of organised life, are to be observed soon after the consolidation of the earth’s surface, and subsequently to a revolution of its elements, preparatory to its becoming an inhabitable world. This, as also suggested, was during an early condition of our planet, and far down in the order of stratification, as it now exists; and the forms and habitudes of the primitive tenants of the earth were, as should be supposed, wisely adapted to that condition. Simple in structure, and correspondingly so in endowment, they came into being, lived out their allotted time, and disappeared for ever. New forms of existence, more perfect in organisation and more highly endowed, succeeded; and, in turn, shared the same destiny. Revolution followed revolution on the earth’s surface, and each dying, with each reviving order of beings, became entombed amid the conflicting elements. On the remains of one, flourished another and superior class; and thus progressive throughout an indefinite period of time, nature moved onward in her works, from primitive formations and early occupants of our then virgin, but now, perhaps, waning planet, and upward through all the varied changes to which it has been subjected, to the present superstrata, and the present exalted occupants of the earth and of time—Man.

FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE SPARROWS.—An old church, in which many sparrows built their nests, was altered and repaired. And when it stood in its new glory, the sparrows came back to look for their old abodes, but lo! they were all built up. "What a useless building this is!" cried one. "It is not fit to live in," said another—and they all flew away.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.—"Pray tell me," said the fox to the stork, "some of the wonderful adventures you met with in the strange lands you visited." Thereupon the stork began, and gave him the name of every pond and rich meadow, where he had found the most delicate worms and finest frogs.

My friend L— wrote a book about his travels in France, somewhat after the same pattern.

THE BOWMAN.—An archer had an excellent bow of ebony, with which he shot true and far, and which he valued highly. One day, however, eyeing it closely, he said, "You are a little too plain, too simple, after all, but that may be remedied."

So he went to a famous carver, and told him to carve upon the bow the whole history of Atalanta and Meleager. This was certainly a very proper device to put upon a bow.

When the work was finished, the archer was greatly pleased. "Thou art worthy of such ornaments, my trusty bow!" and, as he tried it again, drawing the string, the bow—broke.

THE WASP.—Corruption preyed upon the carcass of a gallant steed, who was shot down in battle. The wreck of one animal is employed by ever-active Nature to furnish a cradle for another, and a swarm of young wasps came out from the carcass. "Oh, how glorious is our descent!" said the wasps, "the noble steed, the favourite of nature, is our parent!"

The writer happened to overhear them, and it reminded him of our modern Italians, who fancy that they are descendants of the immortal old Romans, because they were born upon their graves.

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.—"Father of beasts and men," said the horse, and drow near Jupiter's throne, "they tell me that I am one of the most beautiful of the animals thou hast created. But yet might I not be still further improved?"

"And pray what do you find fault with? Speak, and I will grant your wish," said the god, smiling.

"Perhaps," continued the horse, "I would be still faster if my legs were longer and thinner; a long, swan-like neck would not diminish my beauty; a broader chest would increase my strength; and, since thou hast destined me to carry thy favourite creature, man, the saddle might be made to grow on my back, naturally."

"Very well, have patience a moment," said Jove, and spoke the word of creation. And there stood before the throne—the hideous camel. The horse looked upon it, and trembled with terror and disgust.

"Here are longer and thinner legs," said Jove, "here is a swan-like neck and a broader chest; here is a saddle growing on the back; what do you say, will you assume this form?"

The horse trembled, but could not answer.

"Go," added Jupiter, "and take warning for the future. To punish thy discontent, the camel shall continue to exist, and none of thy race shall ever behold him but with fear and trembling."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE HAWK.—A hawk pounced upon a nightingale singing in the hedges, crying, "Since you have such a sweet voice, how delicious you must be to eat!"

Was this ignorance or irony in the hawk? I don't know, but I heard some one say yesterday, "That young lady, who sings so delightfully, would make an excellent wife."

OLD POPULAR BALLADS AND SONGS OF SWEDEN.

(From the *For. Quar. Review*, No. XLII., Oct., 1840.)

[TRUE that the reign of the Polar Summer is exceeding lovely—but true also that it is vastly short. For only out that fair aestival time-space out of the Swedish year's circle, and how huge a portion remains of unbenign gloom and wintery darkness. In a clime so perpetually dismal, what on earth then can enliven the inhabitants!]

Why Songs—traditionary Songs! These prove all-sufficient to fill the dearest of their minds with the fulness of the "bosom-sunshine." In your seal-skin tent—in your rude fir-roofed hut, whether Swedish, Laplandic, or Finnish—under the light of a lamp fed by the fat sperm-oil of arctic whales, sits the Traveller-Scald or poet, who, in return for his dish of salmagundi and draught of corn-brandy, recites to the family assembled, the ballads and legends of the country. Of these he has infinite variety, and he makes the long evenings of these poor benighted people as full of gratification and delight as ever in the blue-skied South do the talented Improvisatori.

What ho! for a measure, grey Scald!—]

1. *A King's son, disguised as a seaman-youth, playeth dice with a noble maiden, and winneth her so to his Bride.* The songs on this subject are extremely popular throughout Scandinavia: several Danish copies of which are to be found in *Nyerup*, iv., 123; and *Sye*, Pt. iv., No. 36.

(DEN LILLA BÅTSMAN.)
THE LITTLE SEAMAN.

In her lofty bower a virgin sat,
On skins, embroidering gold,
When there came a little seaman by,
And would the maid behold.

And hear, now, little woman,
Hear what I say to thee;
And hast thou any mind this hour,
To play gold dice with me?—
But how and can I play now,
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—
And surely thou can'st stake thy jacket,
Can'st stake thy jacket grey;
While there against myself I'll stake,
My own fair gold rings twain.—
So then the first gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
And the pretty maiden won.

And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee;
An' hast thou any mind this hour,
To play gold dice with me?—

But how and can I play now,
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—

Thou surely this old hat can'st stake,
Can'st stake thy hat so grey;
And I will stake my bright gold crown,
Come take it if ye may.—

And so the second die of gold
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
While the pretty maiden won.

And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee;
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?—

But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have,
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—

Then stake each of thy stockings,
And each silver-buckled shoe;
And I will stake mine honour,
And eke my troth thereto.—

And so the third gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the pretty maiden lost her stake,
While the little seaman won.

Come here, now, little seaman,
Haste far away with me;
And a ship that stems the briny flood
I that will give to thee.—

A ship that stems the briny flood
I'll get it can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won.—

Come here, now, little seaman,
Haste far away from me;
And a shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I that will give to thee.—

A shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I'll get it can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won.—

May, hear now little seaman,
Haste far away from me;
And the half of this, my kingdom,
I that will give to thee.—

The half of this thy kingdom,
I'll get it can be done,
But that young virgin have I will,
That with gold dice I won.—

And the virgin in her chamber goes,
And parts her flowing hair;
Ah, me! poor maid, I woe, alas!
The marriage-crown must bear.—

The seaman trends the floor along,
And with his sword he play'd—
As good a match as e'er thou't worth,
Thou gettest, little maid.—
For I, God wot! no seaman am,
Although ye think so;
The best king's son I am, instead,
That in Englands can go.

[2. *The Virgin that died cruelly rather than live with Shams.* This is so admirably sweet and simple an old song, and so extremely popular among all classes to this day, that we must find room for a version. The air to which it is sung is also very charming:—]

(LITEN KARIN.)

LITTLE KARIN.*

And still serv'd little Karin,
I th' young king's palace ha',
Like any star bright shone she
'Mong all the maidens sma'.

Like any star bright shone she
'Mong all the maidens sma'—
When thus, the dæmel tempting,
The young king's words soft sa'—

And say, now, Karin dearest!
May wilt thou but be mine;
Grey palfrey and gold-deck'd saddle,
Shall both, yes both, be thine.—

Grey palfrey and gold-deck'd saddle
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—
Let me with honour go!—

But say, now, Karin dearest!
Say wilt thou but be mine;
My gold-crown reddest gleaming,
E'en that, too, shall be thine!—

Thy gold-crown reddest gleaming,
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—
Let me with honour go!—

But listen, Karin dearest!
Say wilt thou but be mine;
To the half of this my kingdom—
Whate'er thou wilt is thine!—

The half of this thy kingdom
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—
Let me with honour go!—

Then hear now, little Karin!
An' mine thou wilt not be—
Thrust down in a spike-set barrel
Thy fair young limbs I'll see!—

And thrust in a spike-set barrel
E'en should my young limbs be—
From heav'n above, my innocence,
God's little angels see!—

Then down I the spike-set barrel
They little Karin bound;
And all the young king's pages,
They roll her round and round.

And so from heaven down flying,
Two milk-white doves descend;
They took the little Karin—
And three straight backward wend!—

And so from hell two ravens
On coal-black wings ascend;
Right quick the young king sent'd they,
And three straight backward wend!

[The Scald's minstrelsy ceases; but the incident his tale in life will, will serve for the

* "Karin" is the old and popular Swedish form of Catherine, in the same manner as "Pete," for Peter.

talk of the children and the maidens for many a day. When their white hands are milking the mild rein-deer—refining the spermy oil-flood—shaping the whale-bone, or preserving their delicate fish, "Little Karin" will form the constant theme of conversation and delight.]

THE BETHLEHEMITE WOMEN.

As the reservoirs and canals which supply Bethlehem, as well as Jerusalem, with water, are in ruins, and dry eleven months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league for what they fetch for household use, and to bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this, the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say, my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling, especially when you consider that this task has to be performed three or four times a week.

A few days since, I was taking a walk out of the town with the *curé*. About three-quarters of a mile from it, we met with a young girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon a fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face.

Curious to know the weight of the skin, I begged her to put it on my shoulders; my request astonished her not a little; she, nevertheless, complied very cheerfully. It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden.

"Poor thing," said I, as I threw it down, looking at the *curé*, "how old is she? not more than sixteen, I dare say."

"Sixteen!" answered he, "she is not thirteen," and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked, "How old are you, my girl?"

"Twelve, sir!"

I took from my pocket some pieces of money, which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy.

But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlehemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues. It is the women who have to provide this also.

But what wrings one's heart, and I confess makes my blood boil, is to see these wretched, worn-down, emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on their faces, sinking beneath their loads, passing in sight of their husbands, listlessly seated in the public square, smoking and chatting by way of pastime; while not a thought enters the head of these heartless, base, and unkind husbands, to relieve his partner of her burthen, and to carry for her, at least, from that spot to his home what she had to bring whole leagues. Is this all!—No, my friend!

At night, with this wood, which has cost such toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance; she has to wash

the feet of that man, then to cook his supper, then to wait upon him, standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done, before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. * * * *

The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that *she* can be thus treated, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth with pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him on her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to infuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in idleness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his last moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love, would be incapable! And that at Bethlehem!

ALBERT DURER.

In Nuremberg, his native town, everything bears some trace of him; it contains a bridge, a street, a fountain, a society of artists, and an exhibition, all of which bear his name. The house in which he was born is still existing, (see *Mirror*, vol xxxiii., No. 934,) and is shown to strangers, although he died in 1528; lastly, his fellow-citizens have erected a funeral monument to his memory.

Let us not forget the Album Durer, a charming collection, which the most celebrated artists living have embellished with their productions. Durer is to Nuremberg, what Guttenberg is to Mayence, or Schiller to Weimar; we find a souvenir at every step. The house in which he lived has been bought by the town, in order to present it to the society of artists in Nuremberg, who hold in it a permanent exhibition.

This is as it should be, the house of a great man should always become a national monument. That of Durer is a picture-gallery; the house where Molière was born is now a woollen-draper's shop!—*Time's Journal*.

THE BLIND CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

If ever you come to Liverpool, do not fail to pay a visit to the Blind Church, as it is called. The interior is splendidly finished, containing two fine paintings: one of CHAUSER receiving and blessing little children; and the other, of CHAUSER restoring the blind man to sight. The service is chaunted, and the psalms and hymns sung by a choir of blind girls and boys, accompanied by a fine rich-toned organ. Last sabbath afternoon, I took a pew in their church, and never before did I hear such music as that produced by the blind fingers before me.

One beautiful girl, with fair and rosy cheeks, and with waving and rich curls of auburn hair falling down either cheek, so peculiar to Anglo-Saxon beauties, sang most divinely sweet. Gently leaning forward, with her face upturned, and her blind eyes raised towards Heaven, unconscious of her own charms, that were exposed to the gaze of the audience, she poured forth a stream of overpowering melody. Her whole soul seemed filled with the rich harmony of music. You could imagine it was the voice of an angel that had descended from the spheres, to join in the praises of God. How placid, how composed appeared that countenance, that had never seen the light of heaven, or the things of earth, and is never destined to see the light in this life, until she shall awake in the bright and glorious light of another world! What an object of sympathy, of pity, and of admiration! The whole choir, of twenty or thirty singers, were excellent songsters; but this superior and melodious girl, of about eighteen years old, was, in many hymns, suffered to sing while all the rest were silent, and the effect was truly impressive and striking. When you visit this church, you are expected to contribute something for the support of these unfortunate blind people. I threw in my mite, and left the church highly gratified.—*Correspondence of the New York Herald.*

Biography.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

DISCOVERY OF HIS REMAINS, AND NOTICE OF HIS WRITINGS.

His Coffin and Inscription.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S remains were lately discovered, by accident, in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich. Some workmen were employed in digging a grave within the area before the altar, when their pickaxe struck on a hard substance, which turned out to be a coffin-plate, which was unluckily split by the force of the blow. It was a small, antique, brass shield, bearing the following inscription:—

Amplissimus Vir Dns. Thomas Browne Miles, Medicus Dr., Annos natus 77, Denatus 13 Die Mensis Octobris Anno Dni. 1682, hoc loco in dominiens, corporis spargitri pulverem plumbum in aram convertit.

On a closer inspection, the coffin, quaintly described above as having been "transmuted into gold" by the potent "dust" of the mighty "alchemist," was found to have been literally converted into a carbonate of lead, which crumbled at the touch, disclosing the bones of its illustrious tenant. There is no truth whatever in the report, pretty widely circulated, that the "features remained on fire." The flesh had returned "to earth as it was," but the hair of the beard was in good preservation. A portion of this was compared with its representation in an oil painting of

the knight, suspended in the vestry, and the colour of the original corresponded exactly with that of the copy. Now we have the testimony of Sir Thomas Browne himself, that "teeth, bones, and *Ash*, give the most lasting defiance to corruption." The skull was sound, and still contained a mass of brain. Unhappily for the phrenologists, the forehead was narrow, low, and receding; whereas, that part appropriated to the animal propensities, was unusually large. It may be right, perhaps, to add, that the venerable bones, thus fortuitously exposed, were seen by few, and were reverently handled. After having slept undisturbed for more than a century and a half, it was reasonable to presume that they had become incorporated with the soil; no sort of blame, therefore, could reasonably attach to the selection of their resting-place for another occupant.

Esteemed as a "curious" writer.

The oblivion which descended for more than a century upon the noblest authors in our language, was partially averted from Sir Thomas Browne; but he outlived his contemporaries and predecessors, because he was considered not as an *original*, but as a *curious thinker*. Nothing is so injurious to the true fame and just influence of such an author, as the reputation of being a *literary curiosity*. The reader, the serious and meditative, equally with the frivolous and careless, from a morbid appetite for the new and uncommon, neglects the grave truths, solemn precepts, and weighty judgments, which are the heart and marrow of the writer; and selects for approval, and as reasons of the faith that is in him, single periods and separate apothegms, the by-gone consequences of some fore-gone conclusion, the after-growth of complete propositions. He dwells not upon the solidity of the base, or the symmetry of beauty and strength in the shaft, wherein consist the dignity and duration of the column; but he is curious in friezes and cornice-work—fair, indeed, in kind and effective in places, but deprived by the very act of selection, of much of its grace, and all of its propriety. And thus he, who by working in earnestness, faith, and wisdom, has merited a portion in the ministry of truth, is degraded to the rank of an antic, or a sophist, to show tricks, or propound riddles, to a crowd of wonderers, because it suits the indolence or caprice of critics to set him down as a *curious thinker*.

His Speculation and penetrative Spirit.

None can deny him the praises he justly merits for profound thought, subtle curiousness, pure and holy pathos, and a mind of almost circular cultivation. His defect was a want of comprehension in his infinite thirst of speculation. Every object in nature and in art, in prophecy and history, in outward form, in inward essence, the generations of the heavens and the periods of earth, the mysteries of stars and flowers, the human cir-

circumstances of death and the grave, the certainty and prospects of either eternity, were the constant objects of his speculation, his pastime, and familiar company. He exhausted his own spirit in the depth and difficulty of his research, and he became obscure, fantastical, and inconclusive, from the subtle perversity of his inquiry. But he comprehends not the entire sphere of the subjects he contemplates; for the common and the outlying he perpetually overlooks, in his anxiety to probe the inward and hidden. His mind is suggestive, not comprehensive. He is ever striking out new paths, and opening strange perspectives, but he follows none of them to their proper end and angle. He constructs curious glasses upon optical principles of his own invention; and he will look through them instead of placing his objects in their proper light, and using his natural eyes. He looks through stained or smoked glasses, as if the whole world of being and mind were under one vast eclipse. His is the sublime of egotism. He does not think or speak of himself as existing among the common relations and every-day accidents of life; but he transports these and himself into a region of his own creating, wherein he is, at once, the sovereign and the subject, the artificer and the material. He abstracts all things into himself, and then makes himself, too, an abstraction. He is indifferent or careless of natural and necessary distinction; and is emancipated from all known laws of combination. He is an imaginative phantast. He never penetrates the essence of things, or the modes of being, to recombine and recreate them, as the poet or the analyst; but he pairs opposites, and unites conflicting matter with the perversity of a parodist, and prevents our surprise from culminating into ridicule or laughter, by the melancholy enthusiasms in which he enshrouds his strange elements.

Habitual Seriousness of his Mind.

His imagination is distinguished by its aloofness from the objects that it contemplates. They remain unmodified by any action or process of his mind; they are ended with no new properties, nor divested of any former ones; but lie still and unchanged beneath the twilight shadows which he casts over them. He cares not whether he deal with elements or compounds; he pauses not to create, but his will, like a potent alchemy, consubstantiates all matter into one unknown precipitate. Indeed, this power of consubstantiating all things outward, all learning, all that is derivative or inductive, into oneness, into a continuous abstraction and impersonation of self, is the central point of Browne's mind, the permeating principle of his being and thought; for it extends from the loftiest and boldest flights of his imagination, and through the most strange and tortuous combinations of his fancy, to his ordinary actions and daily habits. Milton at-

tained the highest point of human perfectibility hitherto developed in man, for he comprehended, above all men, the most of the universal in the individual. Browne, on the contrary, with as much of the individual, reached not the universal; since, though his spirit was catholic, his will was unequal to the effort; and he embraced only a high form of the eclectic. But the processes and results of selection are hidden from the most curious and anxious observation, by the solemn earnestness in which he considers all things indifferently. Hence, not unfrequently, he appears negligent of the serious, and studious only of the strange, and seems to balance the grave and the trifling in the same scale, and by adding or withdrawing the just weight to make neither preponderate. Thus, he is equally interested in discussing questions "on the proper time for paring one's nails," and "on being drunk once a month," as in solving "mystical enigmas and serious riddles on the Trinity." These inconsistencies of thought and feeling make him reputed a serious thinker, and are the proper out-growth of the earnest humourousness in which he contemplates all above, beneath, and around him. He sees nothing trifling—nothing ludicrous.

Melancholiness of his Disposition.

The melancholy of his nature leads him to discourse with the past—the present and future destinies of time and space are dwarfed by the remembrance of the lost, the irrecoverable, the ancient. He wears perpetual mourning for the mouldered empires and by-gone dynasties of earth—the fall of Troy is yet recent in his contemplation, and the burden of Babylon a present sorrow. He is placed in the latter days—in the decline and dotage of the world. "The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs." The heavens and the earth affect him not in their attributes of sublimity and seasonable loveliness; he sees only that they are changed, "while we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth. Durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof besides comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales." He has come after the autumn-equinox of time, and beholds only present and prospective decay. Earth and man, motion and life, are to him, as an Egyptian banquet with its skeleton, symbol of perishable humanity. The assurance of immortality, and the earnest hope of eternal happiness, are to him, shorn of half their essential brightness, by the reflection that they may be indefinitely removed, and the sleep of the grave prolonged "almost to eternity."

Diogenes, when he trod with his dirty cobbled shoes on the beautiful carpets of Plato, exclaimed triumphantly, "I tread upon the pride of Plato!" "Yes," replied Plato, "but with a greater pride!"



EDIBLE NEST OF THE JAVA SWALLOW.

THE nests of these birds are highly prized by Chinese epicures, being composed of animal matter. The best account of them which we have met with is given by Mr. Crawford. "The best nests," he says, "are those obtained in deep, damp caves, and such as are taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The coarsest are those obtained after the young have been fledged. The finest nests are the whitest; that is, those taken before the nest has been rendered impure by the food and feces of the young birds. The best are white, and the inferior dark-coloured, streaked with blood, or intermixed with feathers. It may be remarked, however, that some of the natives describe the purer nests as the dwelling of the cock-bird, and always so designate them in commerce. Birds' nests are collected twice a year; and, if regularly collected, and no unusual injury be offered to the caverns, will produce very equally, the quantity being very little, if at all, improved by the caves being left altogether unmolested for a year or two. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. The most remarkable and productive caves in Java, of which I superintended a moiety of the collection for several years, are those of Karang-bolang, in the province of Baglen, on the south coast of the island. There the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet,

by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed with torch-light, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock. The only preparation which the birds' nests undergo, is that of simple drying, without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes, usually of a picul.* They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities, distinguished into first or best, second, and third qualities.† From Java there are exported about 200 piculs, or 27,000 lbs., the greater part of which is of the first quality. The greater quantity is from the Sulak Archipelago, and consists of 530 piculs. From Macassar, there are sent about 30 piculs of the fine kind. These data will enable us to offer some conjectures respecting the whole quantity; for the edible swallows' nests being universally and almost equally diffused from Junk, Ceylon, to New Guinea, and the whole produce going to one market, and only by one conveyance, the junks, it is probable that the average quantity taken by each vessel is not less than the sum taken from the ports just mentioned. Taking the quantity sent from Batavia as the estimate, we know that this is conveyed by 5,300 tons of shipping, and, therefore, the whole quantity will be 1,816 piculs, or 242,400 lbs., as the whole quantity of Chinese shipping is 30,000 tons. In the Archipelago, this property is worth 1,269,519 Spanish dollars, or 244,290†. The value of this immense property to the country which produces it, rests upon the capricious wants of a single people. From its nature, it accordingly follows that it is claimed as the exclusive property of the sovereign, and everywhere forms a valuable branch of his income, or of the revenue of the state. In situations where the caverns are difficult of access to strangers, and where there reigns enough of order and tranquillity to secure them from internal depredation, and to admit of the nests being obtained without other expense than the simple labour of collecting them, the value of the property is very great. The caverns of Karang-bolang, in Java, are of this description. These annually afford 6,810 lbs. of nests, which are worth, at the Batavia prices of 3,200, 2,500, and 1,200 Spanish dollars the picul, for the respective kinds, nearly 130,000 Spanish dollars; and the whole expense of collecting, curing, and packing, amounts to no more than 11 per cent, on this amount.

* The picul is about 135 pounds.

† The common prices for bird's nests at Canton are, for the first sort, 3,200 Spanish dollars the picul; or 5¢ 18½ per pound; for the second, 2,500 Spanish dollars per picul; and for the third, no more than 1,200 Spanish dollars.

Phenomena of Nature.*

GLACIERS AND BOULDERS IN SWITZERLAND.

It appears to result from *facts* adduced by Prof. Agassiz, that enormous masses of ice have, at a former period, covered the great valley of Switzerland, together with the whole chain of the Jura, the sides of which, facing the Alps, are polished, and interspersed with angular erratic rocks. Prof. Agassiz conceives that, at a certain epoch, all the north of Europe, and also the north of Asia and America, were covered with a mass of ice, in which the elephants and other mammalia found in the frozen mud and gravel of the arctic regions, were imbedded at the time of their destruction. He also thinks, that when this immense mass of ice began quickly to melt, the currents of water that resulted, transported and deposited the masses of irregularly rounded boulders and gravel which fill the bottoms of the valleys; innumerable boulders having, at the same time, been transported, together with mud and gravel, upon the masses of glaciers then set afloat. Prof. Agassiz is also inclined to suppose that glaciers have been spread over Scotland, and have everywhere produced similar results. He means to follow up his valuable researches in the Highlands of Scotland during his stay in the country, and confidently expects to find evidence of such glaciers having existed, particularly around Ben Nevis.

ACTION OF EARTHQUAKES.

PROFESSOR BUCKLAND remarked, that, as lectures were now going on in the land of earthquakes, he would tell them what to do when an earthquake occurred. He had been at Palermo; and learned that, if an earthquake were to occur at present, those sitting in the centre of the room would be in the greatest danger, he who was sitting at a window would be in the least. In such circumstances, let them betake themselves to a door or a window, for the roof and flat beams give way first, and the upright walls longest withstand the shock.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

Among others, a letter from India was communicated, which described a most remarkable shower of grain that took place last March, near Rajkot, in the Presidency of Bombay. It occurred during one of those thunder storms to which that month is liable; the grain not only falling upon the town, but upon a considerable extent of the adjoining country, and being of a kind quite unknown to the natives. A corresponding, yet more curious circumstance, the truth of which was long doubted, happened about sixty or seventy years since, in the district of Madras, when Major Har-

riott, author of "Struggles through Life," observed a fall of fish, numbers dropping on the hats of some European soldiers who were in full march across the spot, and which were afterwards made into a curry for the commanding officer.

THE MEDULLA OBLONGATA.

DR. J. R. CORMACK made some observations on the effects of air, when injected into the veins, in which he objected to the theory published by Sir Charles Bell, who ascribes death, when it takes place, to the effect which the air produces on the medulla oblongata. This Dr. Cormack denies, and stated that it requires a large quantity of air to be injected in order to produce death, when, in every instance, the heart was found distended in its right cavities, and its functions arrested from this cause.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH CHANNEL FISHERIES.

[In this article, we shall make our readers acquainted, first, with the general mode of fishing in the Channel; and secondly, with the manner in which London is supplied with fish:—]

The chief sorts of fish caught in the British Channel, appear to be *mackerel*, *herrings*, *sprats*, flat-fish, (i. e. *turbot*, *soles*, *brill*, and *plaice*) *pilchards*, and a few *whitings*, *cod*, and *conger-eels*.

The mackerel and herrings come to the Channel in large shoals from the north, and afford the chief harvest of the English and French fishermen. The mackerel makes its appearance in May and June; the herring, later in the year, in October and November. Both of these species of fish are taken in what are technically called "drift" nets. These are large nets spread across the sea, to entangle the fish as it endeavours to swim through. The French and English fishermen pursue different methods of fishing; the French use a large class of boat, (from thirty to sixty tons) and, in general, take a cooper with them, and a requisite supply of salt and casks, in order to pickle the herring as soon as caught; the English, on the other hand, use a smaller description of boat, not more than half the size, and usually land their fish as soon as caught, when it is immediately conveyed in a fresh state to the London market by land. There are also carrier boats, who purchase either of the French or English fishers, and sail for London the instant they have bought a cargo. It appears, that about three-fourths of such cargoes are bought from English fishers, and one-fourth from the French.

Sprats form but a small portion of the trade. They are taken from November to February, in the neighbourhood of Folkestone. The boats used in this fishing are small, and are called

* Abstracts from the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow.

stow-boats. A small quantity of the finest fish are sent to London for eating, but the greater number are used as manure, for which purpose they are in great request; the price is usually 1*l.* per ton.

Flat fish are taken during the greater part of the year, either by what are called *trawl-nets*, or by the hook and line. The English universally use the trawl-net, but the French use both methods, and it appears that the finest fish are caught by the hook. The French turbot is much used in England, for it appears that they are usually larger and finer.

The trawl-net scrapes along the ground, and as the flat-fish breed in the Channel, it appears that much injury and destruction has been done to the young fry, when the trawl has been used near the shore. It certainly appears, that the trawl ought not to be used near the shore, within, at least, one league, unless the meshes of the net be made large enough for the young fish to pass through during the winter months.

Pilchards are taken in August, September, and October on the Cornish coast—the greater portion are caught in what are called *seines*.

A *seine* consists of three boats and two nets, and is worth about 800*l.* About thirty thousand hogheads of pilchards are caught in seines, and annually exported to Italy and the Mediterranean, in a dry state, and about twenty thousand hogheads are taken by drift-nets. The following is the difference between drift and seine fishing:—"The seine is, where a shoal is seen approaching; the seine throws out, as it were, to encircle them; it touches the ground by leads at the bottom, and floats on the surface, and the fish become encircled. The drift fishing is carried on by boats which fish in deeper water, many miles from the land, and throw out nets, which are, in many instances, a mile long, to float on the surface, or at the bottom, as they think it most likely to answer; they lie in the way of the fish, who strike against them, and are meshed."

A trifling quantity of *cod*, *whiting*, and *conger eels*, are taken in the Channel by hook and line; the lamprey is the bait used for the cod.

It appears that London is abundantly supplied with fish, and that the market is fair and open. The manner in which the fish trade is conducted in the Metropolis, is as follows:—"At Billingsgate, (the chief market) there is a class of persons called fish-salesmen; to these persons, cargoes are sent up from the country for sale; the fish arrives very early in the morning, chiefly by water, only a small portion by land. There are a number of boats at Gravesend, Margate, and Dover, called carrier, or hatch-boats; these vessels resort to the fishing ground, and buy of the different fishermen, a cargo, with which they immediately sail for London. This, of course, is an excellent arrangement for the fisher-

man, as he is thus saved the trouble of sailing up the Thames, and is able to employ the whole of his time in fishing. It is supposed about one third of the fish brought to Billingsgate is caught by foreigners. The market at Billingsgate opens every morning at five o'clock, and the retail dealers in London go there at that early hour to buy such fish of the salesmen as they think will suit their customers.

The herrings and mackerel are supplied either from the Suffolk or the Sussex coast; cod from the North Sea; eels from Holland; turbot and other flat-fish, in small quantities from the Channel, but principally from the coast of Holland; lobsters from Norway; salmon from Scotland and Ireland; oysters from Essex. It is calculated that so abundantly is Billingsgate supplied with fish, that the average wholesale price, per *lb.*, of the whole amount of fish sold there, would not exceed one penny.

New Books.

The Fiddle-Fiddle Fashion Book. [Chapman and Hall.]

[To use the words of the lively and gossiping Peppy, the sight of this *jeu d'esprit* delighted us mightily; it being a very clever satire on those contemptible fashionable boobies; who, with their frightful display of hairy protuberances, crawl like urbane apes along the public streets of London and Paris, to the disgust of all rational and well-organized minds. It is to hold them up to the public contempt that the coloured plates of the work are devoted, and however uncharitably these exquisites may appear to a stranger, they must not be viewed as caricatures, for it is

"From real life these characters are drawn," and which may be evidenced whenever they are hourly met, many of them imitating the blasting influence of the poisonous cigar, rendering their faces more like a mattery puncture than the frontispiece of a human being; but it is very doubtful whether creatures so constituted as to fall into such glaring inconsistencies are capable of feeling the bitter shaft of satire. However, the artist, author, and publisher, have done their part well, in thus bringing the subject before the public eye. The work is edited by the author of the "Comic Latin Grammar," and contains many witty burlesques on the announcements of some of our most prominent quacks and advertisers, with a pleasing variety of other readings, as the following extract will evince:—]

DUTIES OF A WIFE.

It is our decided opinion that a wife ought by no means to flirt in society in so open a manner as to attract the attention of her holders.

Nevertheless, we esteem it expedient that every married lady of *ton* should be provided with a crowd of admirers sufficiently numerous to prove to her husband what a treasure he has got; and also to keep him on his best behaviour.

She should never pry into her husband's affairs; resting always in the confident belief that he is the best judge of them himself; and therewith should spend as much money as she can persuade him to let her.

Ever anxious to augment the honour and renown of her lord and master, she should be careful never to show herself in public except dressed in the first style of fashion; totally regardless of expense.

Her domestic affairs must be left entirely to the superintendence of her housekeeper; whom, however, (to conduct herself as a good manager,) she should occasionally accuse of peccation.

From breakfast to the proper hour for the drive, or promenade, her time should be occupied in sitting in the drawing-room, and receiving visitors; to whom, for the credit of her husband, she is to display herself to the greatest possible advantage.

Should she be possessed with the eccentricity of desiring to nurse her own children, she must drink, under pretence of being delicate, much more bottled porter than, strictly speaking, is fit for her; and must obviate the ill effects thereof by taking medicine.

Duly impressed with an awful sense of her responsibility for the education of her family, she should confide it implicitly to the care of a governess. She should, however, take good heed that her little girls are imbued, from their earliest years, with a laudable and beneficial love of finery.

To set a good example to those beneath her, she should be unremitting in her attendance at church; and the more strikingly to show her respect for religion, should always go there, if possible, in her carriage. The footmen and coachman are to be strictly charged to remain, meanwhile, absorbed in devout meditation, and on no account whatever to go to a public-house.*

As she is precluded from practising that sort of economy which consists in denying herself anything, (to conduct which would be derogatory to her husband's dignity, and painful to his feelings,) she must diligently avoid all unnecessary expenditure on others. For example, she must give her servants the very smallest wages which they will take; and be as cautious in the indulgence of her charitable feelings, as the opinion of the world will allow her to be. In particular, let her shun the unprincipled extravagance of throwing away money on poor people and beggars, most of whom are very improper characters, while all of them, as everybody well knows, are amply provided for by a compassionate and Christian legislature.

Our concluding piece of advice may seem impertinent, but our sincerity must be the excuse of our rudeness. She must assidu-

ously cultivate the most rigid morality, that is to say, the study of preserving the purity of her reputation with the world, and the elegance of her personal appearance.

[The announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs is good, and tells delightfully. We must not omit to bear testimony to the rising genius of Mr. Leech. We have watched the progress of this gentleman, and we feel assured if he do but study from *life*,—persevere,—and work hard, he will very soon become one of our most talented artists. We wish him every success.]

The Protestant Almanack, for 1841. [Crisp, Liverpool: Baileys, London.]

Ours attention has just been called to the above Almanack: it contains much endearing information for the sincere Protestant; embracing an Historical Detail of Remarkable Religious Events, from the year 60 to the present time; Notices of eminent Protestant Divines; History of the Churches, &c.; with the usual information generally given in Almanacks. It is illustrated with various engravings; and is adapted either for the pocket, or for the counting house.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

[DATED the 27th August, and received at New Orleans, by way of Havannah, a letter from Nassau (Bahama) thus mysteriously speaks of this unaccountable vessel:—]

"A singular fact has transpired within these few days. A great French vessel, making sail from Hamburg to Havannah, has been met by one of our small coasting-boats; it was altogether abandoned. All the sails were spread, with the exception of one; it was undamaged in the least; the cargo, composed of wines, fruits, and silk manufactures, was of considerable value, and in a perfect state.

"The papers on board were in order, at their general place. Sounding gave three feet water in the hold, but it had been verified that there was no leak to occasion it. The only living beings found on board, were a cat, some fowls, and several canaries, almost dead with hunger. I questioned one of the men who had entered the ship, and he told me that the cabins of the officers and passengers were very elegant, and everything indicated that they had been but recently abandoned.

"In one of them was found numerous remains of a woman's toilet, combs and brushes; upon a stool there was a woman's hat, a dress, a work-box, needles, a die, &c.; it seemed that all had been left but some hours before. The ship contained a great number of chests addressed to different merchants at Havannah, to which the vessel has been conveyed. It is hoped that some disclosures will take place on this mysterious discovery. The vessel thus abandoned, and very large of bulk, has been constructed within the present year, and is named 'Roualie.'"

* This a late Act of Parliament has, in a great measure prevented them, for some time past, from doing. The abuse of their leisure was very probably one of the chief causes of the enactment in question.

ON THE RETURN OF THE ASHES
OF NAPOLEON.

[PUTTING ourselves under the wing of the "leading Journal of Europe," we advance our humble efforts towards an interpretation of a very choice and elegant Latin poem, which appeared in last Friday week's paper. Literality of translation has been aimed at, but where paraphrastic passages appear, shortness of time must plead on our part, not permitting us to make use of the corrective pruning-hook.]

(Translated from the *Times' Journal of Friday, November 13, 1840.*)

Al! luckless to the Nations! luckless day!
When from Helana's rock they bore away,
And gave again to France the mouldering bones
Of him, beneath whose Monarchy the Thrones
Of Earth's huge empire shook—that mighty one,
The Archon of the World—NAPOLEON!

Lo! dire Erinnyes rushes all abroad
From that far Atlantean island driven—
New brands of Helen, other fumes of Troy,
Old Ocean vomits from her caverns riven.
For thou, Unconquered, hitherto hast held
The chains and watch—avenger of thy own!
Till now your high gifts grieve you, and you seek
To give them back to France, unmindful grown.
O England, vainly happy!—dearest then
To Heaven, when acting but in Eternity's high ways!—
Dear to thy God of old, when o'er thy waves,
Light shone at first, and swell'd with ampler rays!
When in your listening ears great Alfred spake,
And Faith walk'd armed with liberty of soul!—
Dear to thy God, when Mission sent your sails
Stemm'd the broad seas that round the Indies roll,
To stretch the Olive forth with conquering hand,
To earth's lorn nations, sitting in the dark,
And bless the distant peoples, as the Dove,
After the Raven, issued from the Ark—
Unhappy country! thus funeral gifts
Shall change the diadem that decks your brow,
And with the martial helm, and glittering casque,
Supplant the triple crown that girds you now.

Lo! how the Fury roughens as she comes
The Ocean-waters, that in thunders boom!
Lo! how she spreads her fires among the ships,
And routs eternal hatred from that Tomb!
And not in vain she hurls abroad her threats—
Her Throne not vainly fixes in the deep—
For a new Nemesis, and mightier-armed,
Prepares such wars,* as long with blood shall weep!—
Yea, and all poison hatch'd in vulgar hearts—
Yea, and all crimes that wolfish hunger plots—
All Virtue, such as trusts itself as God—
All Life, unmindful of the death that rots—
Bad Doctrine, fruitful mother of all guile—
And Rage, that thirsts to drink the Stygian pool—
She calls to aid her!—and harangues the crowds
To heap up trophies, while no faces rule.

Where rolls Eridanus, or Rhine is flowing,
Or Poland mourns, and sad parent without sons—
Or gold Orouses leaves the Antioch towers—
Or round fair Aden snowy Tartars rust—
There, there, she shakes her torches—hurls her fire,
While the great winds disseminate her ire.

* The French "Propagande," sounded at the time as the war-cry of the Bonapartist "*Capitale*," and the Republican "*Nationale*," and "*Sicile*," not to mention the so-called organ of *Patti Frères* (1) the "*Univers*."
† The present race, the flower of "*La Jeune France*," from 25 to 30 years of age, were born between 1810 and 1815, in busy times.—*Times' Journal*.

Come, then ye children, nursed in bloody signs,
Come and dujoin the oxen from the plough,—
Curve into swords the reaping-hooks and shares
Strown in your fields since golden Autumn's glow!

But thou,—O whither dost thou rush, who seekest
The buried ashes of the solemn dead,
Like unto Jason dost thou clothe thy form
In a dire gift—Medea's vesture dread!
Such gift the Ocean gives thee—England such—
O with what Furies doth that gift abound!—
France! France! what Fates remain? What strife of
arms,
O joyful victim, calls thy chariots round.

The Day is coming—yea, is now at hand,
When wars shall struggle on the Syrian plains,—
Wars—such as ne'er before have been on earth,
Nor the Sun seen in all his ancient reigns.—
The Day is coming—yea, is now at hand,
When—singed by Heaven—to her old hallowed ground,
Shall beauteous Solyman lead back her Tribes,
Whit's with sweet horns her Hebrew camps resound—
Then shall stand still Euphrates—then shall stop
In fierce affright, Nile's many-founted river,
Then, too, with whirl gigantic, shall the way
Of the Red Sea cleave wide apart and sever.
Day of Revival! then shall festal Zion
To her Eternal God, build shrines on shrines—
High Lebanon and Hermon shout with singing,
While flowering olives crown their cliffs divine!

Yet after lapse of time, what fearful plague,
That race returned, assuredly awaits!
How oft shall Salem see the banded hosts,
In armies camping at her very gates.
He shall command the battle—he, than whom
No bulwer or more impious ever dared—
He, who from God his title shall usurp.
He, who spouts with heaven over his head;
Lo! where the Altars gleam with sanguine stain,
There shall he plant his foot, and fix his reign.

Then, also,—loving slaughter,—thou, O France,
Shalt raise aloft the signals of affright.
For whatsoever Erinnyes thou dost cause
To light her torch at that funeral rite
Beware, beware, lest that one, set a-blaze,
Do not with Discord so inflame the World,
That—taking fire—Earth's kingdoms be not all
Into one havoc of destruction hurled.

Al! luckless to the Nations! luckless day!
When from Helana's rock they bore away,
And gave again to France the mouldering bones
Of him, beneath whose Monarchy the Thrones
Of Earth's huge empire shook—that mighty one,
The Archon of the World—NAPOLEON!

W. ARCADE.

† Antichrist.—For the distinct prophecies of these and other events, which are to accompany the return of the Jews, the siege of the Holy City by Antichrist, and his followers, and their final overthrow, see, among many other passages, Zach. xii., xiii., xiv., 19, 21, Joel iii.; Isaiah xi., lx., lvi.; Daniel xi.; 3 Theod. ii.; Revel. xi., 3, xiii., xv., xix.—*Times' Journal*.

NAPOLEON DEPANTHEONISED.

All France was plunged in weeping,
And her heart in twain was torn—
While her Warrior-King lay sleeping
In Helana's island born.

But now her face is shining,
As with glory and with wine—
For "the Dead," again bath risen, shine,
Mid her Hero-gods to shine.

• Fr. *depantheonisé*; placed among the Gods.

Arts and Sciences.

INTRODUCTION OF THE STEAM-PRESS INTO ENGLAND.

PRINTING presses, at the commencement, were extremely rude and clumsy in form, and resembled a common screw press. Some improvements were introduced by an ingenious Dutch mechanic, William Jansen Blaen, who resided at Amsterdam, but, strange to say, the printing presses of the early period remained very stationary as to construction, until the beginning of the present century, though the workmen, of course, improved in skill by increasing practice.

The Apollo, the Albion, and the Stanhope presses, are names long familiar to our ears, more particularly the latter, which possesses many advantages over the rest. We have not space to enter into their respective merits, but the superiority of the Stanhope press consists in such an adjustment of two levers acting one on the other, which levers turn the descending screw, so that sufficient power is gained to print the whole of one side of a sheet at a single pull, as it is technically termed, whereas, in the more ancient presses, two separate efforts of the machine were necessary to produce the impression of one sheet.

But even after these improvements, a single press could only work off about 250 impressions or 125 sheets per hour, and to produce a greater number of copies, it was necessary to have duplicate presses.

Mr. König, a German, was the first to whom the idea occurred of applying the power of steam to the printing press.

He came to England in 1804, but did not meet with much encouragement from the leading printers to whom he communicated his plan, as they doubted its practicability.

After repeated disappointments, he at length got Mr. Bensley, senior, to listen to his proposals, and he commenced his operations with the common press. The result, however, was not satisfactory, and, to use his own words, he found that he was only employing a horse, to do what had before been done by man, and soon after that, he conceived the idea of printing by cylinders.

The first person to whom he exhibited his new plan was Mr. Walter, of the Times, and an agreement was entered into between them, for the erection of two machines for printing the Times newspaper.

On the 28th of November, 1814, the first copy printed by steam appeared before the public. This worked uncommonly well, 1800 copies being produced per hour; but it was superseded by the improvements of Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, who took out a patent in 1818.

The improvement upon Mr. König's machine was the application of two drums, placed between the cylinders, to ensure perfect accuracy in the registering, or the exact

correspondence of the impression on both sides of the sheet, and also a superior manner of distributing the ink. The lower part of the machine consists of a table, at each end of which lie one of the two forms of types, from which the impressions on the two sides of the sheet are about to be taken. By the movement of the engine, these forms advance and return, and are met half-way by rollers of a very soft substance, made of a mixture of treacle and glue, and covered with ink. These pass diagonally over the forms and give sufficient ink for one impression. They immediately roll back again, and are met by another large roller, made of cast iron, termed the Doctor, which replenishes them with ink, having itself received a sufficient quantity to perform its office. Above the tables are two large cylinders covered with flannel. The action of these cylinders is very beautiful. A boy stationed above them, having on a table by him a pile of paper, places on the upper cylinder a sheet, which is confined for the moment in its place, by being slipped under two strings of tape. The engine being put in motion, the cylinder revolves, the sheet is caught round and thrown on to the form of types, and immediately impressed. It is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, coming down in an inverted position upon the second form of types, is again impressed, and, by the same power, hurried into the hands of another boy, who stands below the machinery, ready to add it to his increasing pile.

A moment of reflection will show the extreme accuracy requisite in the performance of this process, in order that the sheet of paper, after receiving its first impression, may travel round the sides of the cylinder, so as to meet the second set of types at that exact point, which shall cause the second side to coincide exactly with the back of the first.

The equal distribution of the ink, which is indispensable to rapid and uniform printing, is another point worthy of admiration. Thus, by this beautiful process, in two revolutions of the engine, a sheet of paper is impressed with forty-eight columns of news, or with eight pages of letter-press, and the addition of any wood-cuts which may be introduced.

A further advantage belonging to this machine is the perfect control under which it is, as it can be put into full work four minutes after the form of types is brought into the machine room; and thus, from 4,000 to 4,200 copies per hour, amounting to about 12,000 impressions are sent forth to the anxious world.

Our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the supplement to the Times, on July 6th of the present year.

On that occasion there were two double sheets, or sixteen folio pages, containing ninety-six columns. The advertisements occupied seven pages alone, and the whole matter was sufficient to form about six volumes of an ordinary size, all for the price of five-pence.

Messrs. Applegath and Cowper's machines, as well as Napier's, whom we must not forget to mention, are now in general use, and the average number of copies thrown off per hour by the smaller steam presses is from 750 to 1,000 sheets.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

CORONATION OF CHRISTINA.

THE coronation of Christina, as Queen of Sweden, was celebrated at Stockholm, with the utmost pomp and solemnity, on the 20th October, 1650.

On this occasion Christina's love of classical antiquity, induced her to give her people the novel spectacle of a Roman triumph.

Crowned with laurels, and sparkling with jewels, she paraded the streets of her capital seated in a car, drawn by four white horses; her treasurer marched before, scattering medals among the populace, and the heralds proclaiming her, according to the custom of the country, King of Sweden.

The festivities continued for several days, during which, shows were exhibited to the people, and masks, ballets, and banquets daily took place at court; there were also reviews, mock-fights, riding at the ring, and other military sports, at which the queen distributed the prizes.

OFFER OF THE CROWN TO WASHINGTON BY HIS ARMY.

THE surrender of the lieutenant-general of the British forces in America, was regarded as ominous of a speedy termination of the war. It was so felt, and the spirit that led the Prætorian guards to become arbiters of empire, and, in one instance, *salesmen*, induced many of Washington's officers to offer him the sovereign power. To the organ of the communication, a colonel of the army, Washington replied as follows:—

"Sir,—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensation than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which, to me, seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

"Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish those thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, &c.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In this view of his character, contrasting also the future President, with our ambitious Protector, his character is resplendently lustrous. The uncrowned brow of Washington, though we are no advocates of American views, we freely own a glorious spectacle.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

FROM the most violent conflicts of opinion, truth has nothing to fear. Though long to us, to her "a thousand years are but as one day;" a point—a nothing in the eternity of her duration. Oppressed though she is beneath the chaos of human follies and errors, she must, she *will* emerge at last—unchangeable as her author! By the mere force of durability, she must, ultimately, stand alone; solitary amid the wreck of those perishable materials, by which, for a time, she is overwhelmed! "And the ark went upon the face of the waters." To her, the living spirit of philosophy—immutable, immortal, infinite, eternal Truth—parent of all knowledge, fountain of all light—to her may be addressed, without perversion or hyperbole, the sublime apostrophes of the poet:—

"The stars shall fade away; the sun himself
Grow dim with age; and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

* Extracted from "The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine." By James Hurdell, M.D.; Revised and Corrected with Numerous Additions and Notes, By Alexander Cooper Lee, of the London University; and Nathaniel Rogers, M.D.

Public Exhibitions.

TO those of our readers who may wish to pass an instructive and intellectual evening, we recommend Mr. Catlin's North American Indian Museum—it forms a pictorial history of their manners, customs, industry and skill, which, together with Mr. Catlin's lecture on the aboriginal natives, and the display of Indian costumes, weapons, &c., on living figures promenading the rooms, give the astonished and delighted beholder a most picturesque and thrilling exemplification of Indian life and manners. In the Indian Gale, or Pow-Wow, may be seen a genuine dandy, and other curious objects of the highest interest. On the whole, it is, unquestionably, the most amusing Exhibition at this time in London; and will amply repay repeated visits.

The Gatherer.

Care of Daughters.—According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father, but the daughters before their mother, to show that her eye should never be off them.

Tight Shoes.—I am not yet forty, but I am old enough to have left off wearing tight boots. Besides, I have a theory of my own on this subject. I don't think small, straight, sharp-toed, squeezed-up feet are handsome. They are not what nature intended. The fore part of the foot should be wide. The pedestal constructed to bear the magnificent, upright, form of man should have breadth sufficient for the purpose. The foot of a Roman or a Greek had more room to perform its constant and laborious avocation. There is in the modern boot or shoe a savour of Chinese stupidity.

Death of Miss Emma Roberts.—A hasty paragraph in the papers received from India, announces the death of Miss Emma Roberts, at Poona, on the 16th of last September.

Assumed Boldness.—It is sometimes best to assume a bold tone, as the Romans throw leaves of bread, when starving, into the camp of the Gauls, for proof, how suspiciously they fare.

Inundations.—More than a century has elapsed since the south of France was visited by such floods as at present prevail. The Saone and Isere have overflowed their banks to a very destructive extent, and contributed to a like overflow of the Rhone; and the Marne and other rivers have also laid the adjacent country under water. Lyons, Besancon, and other cities, are much injured, and many human lives have been lost.

Mr. Hasseldine, the well-known practical engineer, who built the Menai and Conway Suspension Bridges, died on the 30th ult.

The Dead devoured by the "Fowls of the Air."—There is a nobler tomb than any sculptured by human hands, and where they slumber as sound as beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's. Yes; there is a nobler—a loftier resting-place.

"Where?"

"Within the glossy bosom of the raven, or the soft feathers of the vulture, as he soars between heaven and earth."

Description of the Royal Cradle.—It is manufactured by Messrs. Seddens, from the design of a French artist; the body of the cot is in the shape of the nautilus, being a happy conception of the designer, that the child of the "Ocean Queen" should enjoy its first slumbers and be cradled in a cot whose very form is emblematic of the main strength and glory of its "island home." The framework is of the choicest Spanish mahogany, and the bottom and sides padded and quilted in flutes; the whole of which, inside and out,

is covered with rich green silk, embroidered most splendidly with the white rose of England. Between each flute is a circular rib of mahogany, the edges of which are richly gilt. The cot swings between pillars of mahogany standing on plinths, supported by four lion's feet, beautifully carved and gilt. The canopy is finely scalloped, and hung with silk drapery of the same design as the lining. The whole is gilt, and surmounted with the royal crown, and presents a *tout ensemble* at once classic and unique.

French Grandiloquence.—A Gascon was vaunting in very bombastic style of himself, and levelling the pretensions of every other person with the utmost contempt, when a listener said, "Pray, sir, what may your business be?" "O," replied the Gascon, "I am but a cork cutter, but then it is in a very large way." "Indeed!" replied the other, "then I presume you are a cutter of bungles!"

Summer at Nishne Kolymish, lat. 68° N.—The vegetation even of summer is scarcely more than a struggle for existence. In the latter end of May, the stunted willow-bushes put out little wrinkled leaves, and those banks which slope towards the south become clothed with a semi-verdant hue; in June, the temperature at noon attains 72° at the highest.

Coel.—"John, has the doctor arrived?" "Yes, sir." "Then go immediately for the undertaker."

Stump Oratory.—A western orator recently declared from the "stump," that "he was born at a very early period of life!"

Features and Diseases Inheritance.—Tendencies to gout, consumption, insanity, affections of the stomach or liver, unquestionably descend by inheritance. There is family disease as well as family likeness; "a nose," as Washington Irving pleasantly observes, "repeats itself through a whole long gallery of family pictures;" and "ditto repeated," says Sir Astley Cooper, "is no uncommon entry in the ledger of the family apothecary."

It is rather curious that the Royal family are exempt from legacy duty, but not will or administration duty.

Below are the lowest points at which the barometer has been in the last five years. 1836, Feb. 29, 28.660; 1837, Nov. 1, 28.790; 1838, Feb. 9, 28.627; 1839, Nov. 10, 29.036; 1840, Nov. 13, 28.519. On Thursday, the 12th inst., the barometer stood, at 3 o'clock, p. m., at 29.458; and on Friday, at 3 o'clock, p. m., at 28.535; and at 5 o'clock p. m., 28.519, making a fall in 26 hours of .939.

Swearing by the Wasat.—An Arab often swears by seizing hold of the *Wasat*, or centre pole amongst those which support the roof of an Arab tent.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LINBIRD, 145, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men. In PARIS, by all the Booksellers. In FRANKFORT, CHARLES JOEGL.